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TWO EMINENT TEACHERS
HORATIO B. HACKETT AND AUGUSTUS THOLUCK

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I entered the Newton Theological Institution, Newton Center, Mass., in September, 1861. The Civil War had opened, but on that beautiful hilltop, in the still air of delightful studies, there was a teacher who, even in wartime, could not only enlist the interest of his students, but could also awaken within them a deeper love of study than they had ever known before—Professor Horatio B. Hackett. His department of instruction was that of biblical interpretation. During the year that followed, we received instruction from him in New Testament studies, and in the reading of some of the Psalms.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes was a classmate of Dr. Hackett in Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass., and he has left to us a picture of his distinguished classmate as he saw him in the classroom for the first time: "His head was between his hands, and his eyes were fastened to his book as if he had been reading a will that made him heir to a million." My own recollection of Dr. Hackett in his classroom, during that first year in my course at Newton, brings before me the same fiery scholar, with his head still between his hands, bending over his Greek New Testament as if peering deeper and ever deeper into its message of divine love and mercy.

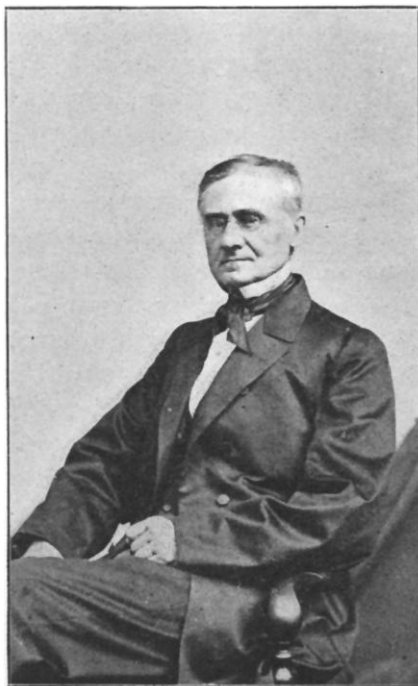
Dr. Park, of Andover, Dr. Hackett's lifelong friend, says that Dr. Hackett, in his student days, was so eager to put himself in the exact position of the author whom he studied, to enter into his distinctive method of thinking and feeling, that he had been known to throw himself upon the floor, and there toss to and fro in the effort to get hold of the right thought, and just the right word. As a teacher, Dr. Hackett showed a like disposition to "turn his passions into the channel of his learning." Not infrequently, when greatly stirred by the passage under consideration, he would draw in his breath, his

whole frame showing agitation; then, placing his glasses on the top of his brow, and holding up his clenched hands, he would give forceful expression to the meaning he was endeavoring to bring forth and impress. He was minute in his grammatical examination of the passage of Scripture that comprised the lesson for the day. He was also thorough in his endeavor rightly to give the proper historical setting of the passage. All the treasures of his vast learning were opened, and from them, like a well-instructed scribe, he brought forth things new and old. Sometimes he would bring into the recitation room a book which he was reading, and in which he found a passage illustrating some truth in the lesson of the day. When with us he finished Mark's account of the transfiguration, he placed on his desk a large framed steel engraving of Raphael's celebrated picture, and called the attention of the class to Raphael's conception of the scene, contrasting it with that presented by Mark in his narrative. With what masterly touches was the Scripture scene depicted! Dr. Hackett could paint in words as skilfully as Raphael could paint with his brush. Moreover, he had the soul of the poet, as well as the soul of the painter. My illustration belongs to a later date, but it is to the point. Dr. Hackett had just been reading Longfellow's "Divine Tragedy," and, speaking of its excellence he said he had often wished, while studying the account of the healing of the Syrophenician woman's daughter, that the evangelist had told us more. For example, did the daughter ever look upon the Christ who had healed her? It certainly must have been the great desire of her heart—O, for even a single glimpse of the one who had shown himself so gracious! Now, in reading Longfellow's poem, Dr. Hackett said he had been thrilled with delight in finding that Longfellow had thoughtfully filled out this picture that is given us in the gospels. In narrating in his verse the story of the last days, when the Savior is making his triumphal entry into Jerusalem, the poet places the Syrophenician woman and her daughter on one of the house-tops in the city. The daughter says to her mother,

I wonder
That one who was so far away from me,
And could not see me, by his thought alone,
Had power to heal me. O that I could see him!

Now, at length, her prayer is answered. Voices cry, "Hosanna to the Son of David!" And as the triumphal procession passes by, there is the Christ! The girl sees him—her Savior—and her longing is satisfied. As Dr. Hackett told the story, the illuminated face, the flashing eyes, the burning words, the drawing in of the breath—it was all there!

One abundant source of illustration in his teaching Dr. Hackett derived from his travels in Palestine. What these illustrations were may be inferred from his well-known *Illustrations of Scripture*. These illustrations were not written out until more than two years after Dr. Hackett's return from Palestine. The two articles which he published in the *Christian Review*, and the lectures he delivered in the Baptist and Congregational churches at Newton Center, were received with so much enthusiasm that he decided to give them, greatly enlarged, a more permanent form. A copy of the *Illustrations* was found in the



PROFESSOR HORATIO B. HACKETT

library of Rufus Choate, and on the fly-leaf of this copy, in Mr. Choate's handwriting, were the words: "Trustworthy—worth a hundred evidences." To show that the Bible is trustworthy was Dr. Hackett's purpose in writing the book, and it was a gratification to him to learn that Mr. Choate had recognized this purpose, and that the impression which the book made upon him was precisely that which Dr. Hackett hoped it would make upon the reader.

At the close of the year, at President Lincoln's call for more men, I left Newton, and with a Massachusetts regiment repaired to the

seat of war. When I returned at the close of the war, and resumed my studies, I found myself in even closer touch with Dr. Hackett than I was during my first year in the seminary. He was then engaged in bringing out the American edition of Smith's *Bible Dictionary*, in co-operation with Dr. Ezra Abbot, of Harvard University. It was my privilege again to come under his personal influence, and to receive from him in many ways inspiration and help.

When at length, at the close of my seminary course, I decided to continue my studies in Germany, I was influenced largely by Dr. Hackett. He had once said to my class: "If a man will understand the New Testament, let him give his days and nights to Meyer." He never ceased to acknowledge his indebtedness to De Wette, saying that he owed even more to him than to Meyer. On one of his visits to Europe, he went to Basle, in Switzerland, for the purpose of seeing the home and grave of De Wette. He found there De Wette's stepson, Dr. Beck, a professor in Harvard University. Dr. Beck was indisposed, but when Dr. Hackett expressed a wish to go to the grave of De Wette, Dr. Beck called his sister, who took Dr. Hackett to De Wette's study, to the church where he occasionally preached, and then to his grave. When they were in the church, the sexton took the young lady aside and asked her a question. When she rejoined Dr. Hackett, she said the sexton had asked her if Dr. Hackett were a relative of her father; he resembled De Wette so much in his personal appearance. The daughter said she herself had been greatly impressed by the resemblance.

For Dr. Augustus Tholuck, Dr. Hackett had an abiding affection. Dr. Hackett made Dr. Tholuck's acquaintance at the time of his first visit to Germany. That affection was strengthened with each successive visit. When, in 1868, I left Newton for Germany, Dr. Hackett gave me a letter to Dr. Tholuck, which was the means of securing for me, not only a most cordial welcome from Dr. Tholuck, but an invitation to become a member of his family during my studies at the university.

Tholuck was then approaching the end of his long and distinguished career; but his crowded classroom bore witness to his popularity as a teacher, notwithstanding his advanced age. Dr. Tholuck was lecturing on his favorite epistle—the epistle to the Romans.

There was careful examination of the text, and, at the close of his lecture on each chapter, Tholuck gave a paraphrase of the chapter, in which he skilfully developed, in his own words, the apostle's thought. I can see him now at his desk in the lecture-room of the university, bending down over a page of his Greek New Testament on account of defective eyesight, taking an occasional pinch of snuff, then raising his head and sitting back in his chair, as he delivered his lecture, his words as well chosen as if he were reading from a carefully prepared manuscript.

At this time Tholuck was still a university preacher, alternating with Professor Beyschlag. Of all the preachers I heard in Germany, he seemed to possess the preaching gift in largest measure. A colonel in the Prussian army, whose acquaintance I made through the Tholucks, expressed very well, I thought, the difference between Dr. Tholuck and Professor Beyschlag. "When I hear Professor Beyschlag preach," he said, "I am pleased; when I hear Dr. Tholuck preach, I am edified."

Dr. Tholuck's amanuensis was a theological student, William Herrmann, now the distinguished professor of theology at Marburg, one of a long line of brilliant students at the university who served Dr. Tholuck as amanuenses. Herrmann was a member of the family and greatly beloved by Dr. Tholuck, who had such a high appreciation of his ability that he told me Herrmann was as competent to answer any question in philosophy as he was himself.



DR. AUGUSTUS THOLUCK

While I was at Halle, Dr. Tholuck continued his old custom of taking a daily walk between the hours of eleven and one. In pleasant weather, with a student on either side, he would make his way out into the country, catechising his companions on the way, drawing them out by rapid questionings on surprising themes, testing their mental alertness, or seeking to be helpful in quickening their spiritual faculties. In unpleasant weather this daily exercise was taken in a covered walk in Dr. Tholuck's garden. I recall with delight those long walks, when one could say with Wagner in Goethe's *Faust*:

Mit euch, Herr Doctor, zu spazieren
Ist ehrenvoll und ist Gewinn.

But one needed to have his wits with him on these walks. An American student came to my room one day, after a couple of hours of such companionship with Tholuck. On the way Dr. Tholuck, among other things, had asked him what was the capital of Croatia, and when the puzzled student was obliged to make the confession that he had never provided himself with that important information, Dr. Tholuck proceeded to read him a lecture on his lack of geographical knowledge. "The old questioner!" said the student. "I wish I had asked him what is the capital of Connecticut. I don't believe he knows."

There could be no mention of Dr. Tholuck which would not also call up his lovely, noble wife, Mathilde, the *Frau Rätlin*, as the students called her. She belonged to a noble family in the south of Germany, and the story of the family fortunes she herself told in her later years, in a volume of very great interest. Into all of Dr. Tholuck's labors she entered with heart, soul, and mind; and in nothing did she take so much delight as in lightening his labors. In his triumphs, she triumphed. No honor came to him in which she did not rejoice. Dr. Tholuck's seventieth birthday occurred while I was at Halle. At the dinner hour Mrs. Tholuck informed me that the king of Prussia—afterward the emperor William I—had on that day sent to Dr. Tholuck, in recognition of his birthday, a decoration, the highest he could confer on one not a member of the royal family. As she brought it to me, her face radiant with joy, she asked: "Have you no decorations in America?" When I answered "No," she replied: "Miserable country!"

On my return home I brought with me a letter to Dr. Hackett. This letter I did not see until after Dr. Hackett's death. Then it came into my hands through the kindness of Professor George H. Whittemore, who found it among Dr. Hackett's papers, when he was writing his life. In this letter there is a paragraph with which I close these reminiscences:

I suppose that in America as here the waves of unbelief rise higher and higher, and we may now consider ourselves as soldiers upon the same field. We old warriors in Germany, who stand, as you know, on the broad ground of faith, now have as opponents those whom we would much rather regard as brethren—I mean the exclusive Lutherans, who assert a continually growing influence, and among whom are some of my dearest former students. Now in this conflict we are not to forget the conflict we have with our own flesh and blood, lest having preached to others we ourselves should be cast away. For me at least will soon come release from my watch-post, since, although God has preserved to me so great a measure of strength in my tasks, yet already I have reached my seventieth year. That he who has preserved me thus far may preserve you joyful in your work, even beyond this limit of life, is the heartfelt prayer to God of my wife and of yours faithfully, A. Tholuck.